

DIDN'T KNOW DOGS

Mrs. Binks Cashed Them All in One Tribe.

Anyway, the Animal Was Evicted From the Sacred Precincts, and Dignity of the Home Upheld.

Mrs. Binks must have had a disappointing afternoon at the bargain counters, for she returned to her Capitol Hill home with the quick, decisive tread that indicated a highly irritable mental condition to those who knew her well. This condition, Glenn Farley writes in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, was not improved by the discovery that her ten-year-old son Willie was entertaining practically all of the neighborhood children in the house, and that one of the most effervescent of the guests was a large, woolly, strange dog, whose booming bark assailed her from the depths of the dining room on her arrival.

Willie and his guests and the dog poured out of the front door like an audience from a burning theater, shortly after mother arrived, and it became apparent that she was in the back-ground, with a large, able-bodied broom.

Binks arrived home and sat down to dinner in great exaltation. It appeared that Seattle had won a game with somebody.

"Class is bound to tell," he began enthusiastically. "I predicted from the beginning of the season that the boys would."

He was interrupted by a Roman howl from Willie. His mother had reached him finally, in an unguarded moment, and she had a firm grasp on the back of his trousers. Two decisive whacks were administered amidst howls that would have put a normal welkin out of business.

"Before you eat I want you to go out and lose that dog," she began. "I have told you before that I won't have these stray, worthless curs about the place, and above all, in my house. A boy has no business with a dog, anyhow."

"Why, ma," Binks interposed, "when I was a boy no family thought of raising a dog without a good, husky dog for a—"

"I have no doubt of it," broke in Mrs. Binks. "Your whole conduct indicates that you were exposed to that atmosphere."

"But the dog—" began Willie. "Not a word from you," said his mother. "You've got to get rid of that dog. I won't have him around."

"But the dog—" insisted Willie. "The boy evaded a swipe that would have put him out of business, but he got out of the danger zone and finished the sentence."

The dog belongs to Bennie Gunn and he is a St. Bernard and a prize winner," he said. "He's worth more than a thousand dollars. Bennie has him chained up now."

Binks was about to smile discreetly, when his wife said:

"George, if you're through your dinner you may be excused."

Her husband looked around doubtfully.

"The question is," said he, "have I had any dinner?"

Joke May Prove Serious.

Viscount Mayeda and Viscount Aoki of Tokyo, Japan, both very prominent members of the house of peers, were considerably surprised, as were their friends, when they received elaborate mourning cards announcing their death. The cards were gotten up in the usual formal style employed on such occasions, chief mourners, among them Premier Hara, were named, and everything was in regular shape, except for the fact that the persons whose deaths were announced were entirely ignorant of their decease.

The authorities in Japan do not take jokes of this kind, however, and after a searching investigation it was found that the perpetrators of the hoax were members of a political organization of radical young men. The wish was father to the thought. Several of them have been arrested and prosecution will proceed with all the gravity in the world.

Runaway Ship Captured.

Believing their ship would fall victim to the treacherous quicksands that infest the North Carolina coast from Hatteras to Cape Lookout, the crew of the schooner James E. Newsom, consisting of eight men, took to the life boats when the vessel struck the beach.

The schooner, however, refused to let herself be swallowed up and got off unassisted. The party in the life boat, fearing to make an attempt to reach shore before daybreak, saw the schooner get off the shoals and start to sea. They set out after her, but she was too fast. A coast guard cutter took part in the chase. After playing hide and seek with her pursuers for a whole day the Newsom was captured. Only two sails were damaged. She was towed into Norfolk, Va.

Cigarette Filter.

A new kind of cigarette has just been patented. It has a piece of sponge inserted at one end.

One does not light the sponge; it might not taste good. It is to the other end that one applies the match.

The bit of sponge, cut in the shape of a short cylinder, is fitted into the end of the cigarette for the purpose of absorbing moisture and to furnish grip for the teeth of the smoker.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

FIND SHIP IN HEART OF CITY

Hull Buried in San Francisco, Records Show, Is a Relic of the Gold Rush Days.

San Francisco discovered an old wooden ship under the streets of its business section recently, relates Popular Mechanics Magazine. Contractors, excavating a deep foundation for a new skyscraper with steam shovels, were hindered in their work by strange massive timbers found 30 feet below the surface. They had accidentally stumbled upon the preserved remains of some strange buried craft.

The bronze-sheathed and copper-bolted hull measured 100 feet in length by 30 feet beam, and great interest was aroused by the puzzling location of the relic a mile from any water. The city's history revealed, however, that it was the Euphemia, a bit of whose historic and romantic existence is as follows:

In the days of '49, when the mad stampede around the Horn to the new California gold fields was on, numerous ships were abandoned by their crews at the end of the journey, and left to rot on the mud flats of San Francisco bay. But, in forming the municipal government of the fast-growing city by the Golden Gate, the first town council bought the Euphemia, and converted it into a prison ship. Those were "rough" days in San Francisco and this, the first jail the city could boast, was tied to a wharf, and soon filled up.

An old sketch of the scene at this part of the water front reveals another ship, the Apollo, converted into a saloon and lodging house. As the city grew and forced the waters of the bay back from the spot by filling in the shallows, the novel spectacle was formed of a strange ship sticking up out of the ground in the heart of the city, surrounded by substantial stone and brick structures.

During the next 56 years, the city attained great size. Then it was suddenly laid level by a great fire. And had it not been for the necessity of a deep foundation for the latest edifice to rise over the spot, 72 years after the Euphemia became a jail, the old hull would have slumbered on for another fifty or one hundred years. As it was, the contractors experienced considerable difficulty in removing the mud and sand-locked skeleton with modern steam tackle, but made a small fortune out of the sale of the heavy copper and brass junk found on it.

Revival of the British Beard.

A young man about town walked down Bond street in London recently, and the sight so shocked the sensitive British public that the London Daily Chronicle saw fit to run the item as a news item.

He was elegantly dressed, says the paper, and carried the familiar cane of Piccadilly, while a monocle reposed in his right eye. But his beard was the masterpiece of the outfit. It was very dark, it recalled the pictures of the Stuart kings, and created a sensation wherever it was seen.

The young man, except for his beard, was unmistakably English.

"I don't think that beards for young men are likely to be popular outside the West end," a hairdresser in the neighborhood of Bond street told a Chronicle representative.

"But certain young men about town appear to be tired of looking like stage heroes, and have decided to grow beards. A beard makes some men look younger, and a man who has a weak mouth and a chin which slightly recedes should wear both mustache and beard."

Sailing by Signs.

Silence never has been considered a characteristic of the deep sea captain, but a 60-day voyage was recently completed during which the ship's captain might just as well have been deaf and dumb. Capt. Darwin E. Stevens, who has just returned to this country, took the new steamer Josepha from Duluth to Barcelona, there delivering her to her new owners. His crew was made up of Spaniards, none of whom could speak a word of English. The result was that Captain Stevens had to do his talking with his hands, giving orders by signs. After the 60 days were at an end the skipper found himself so in the habit of making signs that when he finally arrived among people who could speak a language, that he understood he had to make unusual effort to refrain from using the sign language.—New York World.

Airplanes Sold for 60 Cents.

The British government recently sold a number of airplanes for 60 cents apiece at the Lincoln air-drome disposal sale in London.

The machines had become out of date after several years of service and had been junked, the wings and the engines being removed. Nevertheless, the purchasers who paid 60 cents for an airplane received the body of the machine with the copper fittings and pipes, which in all originally cost several hundred dollars.

The purchasers, for the greater part, were anxious to buy the planes to break up for firewood during the coal shortage. Small boys dragged their fathers along to buy a plane so that they might get the wheels to use on scooters and home-made automobiles.

Lover's Quarrel.

Betty (turning at door)—"I think you are perfectly hateful, and I'm never going to speak to you again, so there's no use coming into the music room after me—because I shall be in the hammock at the far end of the piazza."—Boston Evening Transcript.

ALWAYS HER OWN

Pathetic Picture of Mother Love of the East.

Poverty and Sorrow Nothing Before Thought of Claiming Her Little Son in Paradise.

I had not seen Fatma Om-Ahmed for six months.

Fatma had been our washerwoman for a few years before her third wedding to Ali, who became Abou-Ahmed after the birth of his male child. She visited us occasionally and entertained us for many pleasant hours with her native tales and small talk. She was, like all her race, a woman with a merry heart, contented with her lot, and happy in the worship of her only son, who fulfilled all the expectations of a poor, working mother.

I met her the other day as I was mounting the flight of stairs leading to the house of a mutual acquaintance. I could hardly recognize the features, once so familiar to me, under the dense borka that covered her face. In the gloom of a covered staircase built some 50 years ago.

She jocularly barred my way with her portly person and, looking at me with a pair of merry, twinkling black eyes, she said, "Good morning. You evidently have forgotten me. I am Fatma Om-Ahmed."

"Good morning, Fatma," I replied, after a long, scrutinizing look. "Surely time and your black borka have altered you much these last few months?"

"And sorrow, too, alas!" she added, with a deep sigh, as she slowly raised her arms to her head and undid her veil.

"You remember my son, Ahmed? My little bright boy?"

"Yes, I do," said I. "How is he getting on? He must be a big boy now!"

She clasped her hands together, crushing her borka between them.

"He is dead—dead! It is five months since a tramway car ran over him. My husband is dead, my loved son also. I have nothing to live for."

She paused and sighed, rubbing her palms nervously, while I stared at her in blank surprise.

"But surely," I said, "the company has paid you an ample indemnity, enough to maintain you. It cannot possibly be otherwise. If they have not, I advise you to appeal to the justice of the courts."

"Fatma Om-Ahmed forgot her grief, and all of a sudden anger and terror blazed in her eyes. She drew her tall figure to its full height and moved a few paces away from me.

"An indemnity?"

"Why not?" I said, soothingly. "What is wrong in my suggestion? That is justice, and everybody, the highest and the lowest in the land, desires justice!"

"Do you really wish me to sell my son to the infidels? Never! Why, the Christians will claim him in the next world; they will own him by right of purchase; and I shall not be allowed to gaze on his face, nor draw him close to my heart in Paradise."

She drew on her borka and rolled her melayah round her body, saying softly, "Sell my own son, my adored one, to the Christians! Never! I will not commit such a sin against him, Maaleh! 'Tis the will of God which no man can alter and no power can evade. Good morning. May you keep in perfect health."—Alice Shamoun in the Continental Edition of the London Mail.

Sugar From Corn Stalks.

Investigating the sugar production of corn stalks, P. Vieland, a French chemist, has found that the stem of the maize plant normally contains no sucrose, or cane sugar, and very little dextrose, or grape sugar. If the ears are removed when the grain begins to be milky, however, sugars accumulate in the stem, and in 7 to 34 days after removal of the ears the extractable amounts may reach 7 to 10 per cent of sucrose and 1 to 3 per cent of dextrose. While not more than one-third of the sucrose can be obtained in crystallizable form, this is immaterial in the production of alcohol. It is calculated that 130 gallons of alcohol per acre of maize crop can be produced. The growth of the plants is fairly rapid, and the period between planting and the gathering of the stems would be about 400 days.

Forestry in the Canal Zone.

The co-operation of the boys of the Canal zone is requested in protecting trees and shrubbery from damage.

A few days ago some children used a hatchet on a lime tree on the Prado at Balboa, and nearly killed the tree. Some other children have broken limbs of the wild almond trees on Cruces avenue and yet others have damaged the mango trees near the cable office on the Balboa road.

Every boy in the Canal zone is requested to use his influence in stopping such practices. The trees belong to the boys as much as to any one; and the boys should help to protect their own property.—Panama Canal Record.

A Twin Grand Piano.

A musical novelty for the concert stage has recently been built in Leipzig—a twin grand piano, said to be the first of its kind ever made. The instrument is like two grand pianos placed end to end and inclosed in one frame, but with a single soundboard. The keyboards are at opposite ends and the players face each other.

DENSEST OF KNOWN WOODS

"Lignum Vitae" Without a Rival for Many Purposes—Makes the Finest Tenpin Balls.

They are making tenpin balls of a "composition," but the classic balls are still turned from the heart of that wood called lignum vitae, Latin words meaning stone of life, and which we render as "living stone." Many persons believe that lignum vitae is not a botanical name, but merely a trade name covering numerous varieties of very hard, compact and heavy wood. This is not the fact.

The lignum vitae tree grows in Florida, on the Florida keys, in the Bahama islands and various islands of the West Indies. The supply of this wood is negligible from the Florida keys, the trade being mainly supplied by the Bahamas, though Haiti is a large producer. The tree is a low, gnarled, round-headed growth and it sometimes attains a height of 25 or 30 feet, but its short trunk is frequently two and one-half or three feet thick. It has a thin bark, rarely more than one-eighth of an inch thick and the surface is separated into small, thin, white scales very much like those covering the bark of the white oak tree.

It is the densest wood known, a cubic foot of dry and well-seasoned lignum vitae weighing a trifle more than 71 pounds. It is very close-grained and varies in color from dark green to yellowish brown. It has been used for sheathing ships and is now extensively used in making blocks, pulleys, cogs and other bearings in certain forms of machinery and in making mortars and pestles.

MEDICINE MAN NOT A FAKER

According to English Scientist, He Deals in the Occult, and With High Moral Intent.

The medicine man, as known to the ancients and to the aborigines of America, Africa and other lands, was no faker or humbug or quack, according to Dr. Marrett of the University of Oxford (England). In a book on Psychology and Folk-lore he describes the Australian bushman's incantations to drive out of a man's head the crystal that has caused his disease, after which he produces in his hand a piece of crystal, apparently out of the sufferer's head.

Neither he nor the patient nor the patient's friends is deceived; they all know that he has had the crystal in his hand or up his sleeve all the time, and that he has been acting ritualistically or symbolically throughout the incantation. The crystal is a symbol of the mischief within the head. What the medicine man really does is to set the good magic influence or "mana" within himself to combat the bad "mana" afflicting his patient. He, in fact, deals in the occult, but he does so with high moral intent, and has attained to the power of so dealing only after severe training, involving fasting, isolation and all the other miseries of a special initiation.

Psychology of Laughter.

In the psychology of laughter one traces the development of humor through its many stages, showing the close relation between the appreciation of the tribe and the enjoyment of the nursery. Children laugh somewhat in the manner of savages, not being able, because of their limited experience, to see the subtle shades of a joke that are only discernible in a high type of mental development. Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" has much satire in it which the girl and boy luckily cannot fathom; it takes a sophisticated mind to understand it. But the adventures among the Lilliputians and Brobdingnagians are classics in the nursery. So it is in the larger aspects of laughter. The crowds will respond to a coarser type of humor than the individual.—Exchange.

Flute Highly Esteemed.

Among the ancient Greeks, flute playing was looked upon as the fashionable pastime of the elite, and, consequently, the instrument was considerably improved by various players from time to time, and flutes of the most careful and delicate workmanship have been discovered and prove this to have been the case.

From Greece, the instrument appears to have been adopted by the Romans who, indeed, borrowed all that was beautiful in Greek art; and we learn from Tacitus that even the Emperor Nero himself, did not disdain the drudgery of practice. With Roman conquests came also the adoption of Roman manners and art. Hence the instrument spread throughout the civilized world and its use became common.

Remarkable Even for Collie.

Many are the stories told of collies' sagacity, one of the most remarkable being the record of one shepherd in Ettrick, Scotland. What was once the great forest of Ettrick was this night only a dense sea of mist and fog. The shepherd in despair exclaimed to his dog, "Sirrah, my man, they're a' away!" He gave no command to the dog, in fact he only spoke for sympathy. But the sheep dog dashed off into the mist, and the next morning the 500 missing sheep were gathered in and Sirrah was mounting guard over them. How the animal got them in the dark was beyond the comprehension of the shepherd, and he adds: "If all the shepherds in the forest had been there they could not have effected it with greater propriety."

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